

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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LITTLE ALICE.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

"PLEASE, doctor, come with me—quick!" said the trembling voice of an old man at my door, one wet, cold May night.

I turned from my window, whither I had been drawn, aroused from sleep by his loud, double rap at the street door—and hastily dressing, went down stairs, crossed the hall, slipped back the bolt and joined him. It was a wild, stormy night, and cold, too, for the season, and the rain splashed down sullenly and unceasingly from the black, starless sky upon the pavements; and as I emerged from the warmth of a comfortable home into the chilly, out-door atmosphere, I buttoned closely my overcoat and drew my muffler up about my throat.

"Lead the way, sir," I said to the old man at my side.

On we went rapidly, through the driving rain beating full in our face, my companion seeming to take no heed of the raging storm—though as we suddenly turned a corner, coming directly under the glare of a street lamp, I noticed that his garments, the attire of an artizan of the humbler class, were miserably scanty and thin—that his tattered grey hair was dripping down his bent shoulders—and saw what I had not observed before, that his right arm hung useless and withered by his side. And over his white, thin face, and in the glances of which, every few moments, he cast upon me, as if to make sure I was hastening or close beside him, I read the story of some great grief, and saw there traces of want and hunger.

We were turning an angle of a street, when, in a sudden lull of the storm, the old man said abruptly, "She can't stand it long, sir; but I hope we shall get there before she drops off!"

"Who?" I asked, involuntarily giving utterance to the curiosity I had restrained.

"Who?" Oh, I didn't tell you; I thought I did. It is little Alice, sir—our little Alice, who is dying—and has been calling for you to come all night, and all the week past," said the old man.

"But why did you not send for me sooner?" I asked.

"I did go—twice before to-night; but they told me you had left town, and wouldn't be back till to-day. But I am glad you are going now! Somehow she talks about you all the time; and maybe the sight of you will do her good."

I recollected then I had been to a far distant county, to bury a beloved sister, within a week, only returning home that day.

"How long has the child been ill?" I asked.

"Oh, sir, it's only eight days, or thereabouts, since she came home one night from the factory pale and weak, and when the bells rung again in the morning, she tried to get up and go again to her work, but was too sick; only eight days since she gave up; but I've seen the look in her face all along—I knew it! But the little thing wouldn't give up, sir!"

"You say she worked in a factory—in Mr. Sydney's?" I asked.

"Aye," was the answer, in a hasty tone, "aye, sir, for two years little Alice has led a slave's life in his spinning room, and that's what's killed her—working there to earn the bread we eat—her mother and I."

"She is your child, then?" I queried.

"No! my grandchild. James died three years ago last winter—the consumption killed him—and left little Alice and her poor mother. It's a terrible thing, sir, to be poor and can't work! I wonder what God sent this on me for"—looking down upon the useless, shrunken member by his side—"and let that child kill herself to

support me! If it hadn't been for this, I could have worked for them both, mother and child, and saved the poor, dear lamb!"

"And how old is little Alice?" I asked.

The old man groaned. "Eight years—only an eight year old child—little better than a baby, taken from its mother's bosom to toil from bell-ringing to bell-ringing again in yonder cursed factories! No wonder, sir, the children die! no wonder they are dropping off by scores, toiling like slaves—aye, worse than the black slaves over the water that the gentle folk pity so!"

For a moment I was astonished at his vehemence; and yet, why should I have been? for the sudden revelation of this man's character was nothing new to me. In the course of an extensive practice in one of England's largest manufacturing towns, and principally among the artizans and operatives in the factories, for, as God is my judge, I never turned a deaf ear to a poor man's call in the course of such a practice, among an oppressed, hopeless people, familiar with the appearance of want and penury in a thousand forms, how could I expect to witness any new phase of character among them?

Many a time I had stood by miserable pallets, in close, stifling rooms, amid the lowest forms of squalor and poverty; and many a time I had stood by the cots of the lowly poor, who, amid all their destitution, had preserved the virtue of cleanliness; many a time, ministering unto them to the last, had I closed their eyelids, and in imagination followed the released soul from its late prison-house up to the shadow of the Great White Throne, into the presence of Him in whose eye there is neither rich nor poor, nobles nor slaves, and then, turning away, I had walked beside the haughty millionaire, Russel Sidney, through his busy factories, and looking upon the mute, wan faces bending over their tasks, watching the long, famine-stricken fingers plying the ceaseless shuttle, or "turning the great iron wheels round and round"—looking upon those operatives, too weary and hopeless to complain, and daily getting thinner and weaker—amid those scenes of oppression, I, too, groaned in the bitterness of spirit, even as had this weary old man at my side—"And this is free, Merrie England!"

But my thoughts came back to the old man and his errand.

"And little Alice has been asking for me, you say. Does she know me?" I inquired.

"She has seen you often when you visited the factory. You remember her, don't you? She has soft, golden curls, and eyes as blue as the skies that hang over the country meadows in summer time," said the old man.

But vainly I tried to call her to remembrance. Among the many little children whom I had seen in my rounds through the factory-rooms, and whom I had stopped to pat upon the head, there were too many with meek blue eyes and golden curls, and, alas! pale, pinched faces, for me to single out the memory of this little one. And so, fruitlessly endeavouring to call up her form and face before my mental vision, I hastened on beside the old man, as he led me through a labyrinthine maze of streets and alleys into the very heart of the city. At length we stopped.

It is here, sir. Step carefully; the stairs are steep and narrow," said the old man, as he pushed open the door of a dilapidated old wooden house, and bade me enter. Up several flights of steep, rickety stairs, which creaked and rattled under our footsteps, I followed him, until we gained an upper landing, from whence he opened a door leading to a room beyond.

It was a low, damp attic chamber, containing few articles of furniture of the poorest description; the rafters overhead blackened and unplastered; the rain trickling in through the broken roof; and the voice of the storm shrieking at the little window-pane like the moan of a dying fiend.

Upon the hearth smouldered a few dead ashes, from whence the fire had died out long before, even as hope from the heart of that poor mother who knelt by the bedside of her dying child.

The light of a farthing candle, burning upon a little stand near the head of the bed at the farther corner of the apartment, but faintly illumined the gloom, only to reveal the utter desolation; but I could not fail to perceive the figure of a woman who rose from her half-kneeling, half-crouching posture by the bedside, as we entered, nor the tiny, attenuated child-form which started up from the pillows.

And a little, faint voice, sweet as the cry of a tiny, weak bird, said, "Is it you, grandpa? and has he come?"

"Yes, little darling, and here is the kind doctor," said the old man, in a softened voice.

"Oh, I *knew* he would come! I *knew* it! again cried the sweet, faint voice, and little Alice turned her full blue eyes upon me.

The woman by the bedside came feebly forward, a thin, weary-looking, consumptive woman, such an one as I had seen hundreds of times before among the poor—a poor, suffering widow, toiling all day at the weary loom, and then half the night over some coarse sewing, to eke out the money to provide food and shelter to keep soul and body together, and then, when strength failed utterly, sending forth the delicate little one to earn her mite in the noisy factory room.

This pale, sad woman came feebly forward; and curtesying with native grace, said, struggling meantime to crush down her tears and the great choking sobs which rose in her throat, "Oh, good sir, you are very kind to come among us poor people; but my little one did want to see you so! and God will send you His reward!" And then, turning toward the bed, she tenderly stroked out, one by one, the long, golden curls that lay over the pillow, saying, "Now lie very still, Ally; the kind doctor has come."

I went to the bed side and looked down into the child's eyes. And I knew then what thoughts were tugging at the mother's heart-strings—what inquiries hovered on her lips, even before the words broke forth.

"Oh, tell me, doctor, will she live? Can you save her for me?"

Heart-sick, I turned away—heart-sick and mute, for my practised eye saw all at a glance. There was no hope! Even the film of death had begun to gather over the pupils of those large, blue eyes upturned towards mine; even then life was ebbing surely from that tiny heart; and the little, slender fingers which crept into my hand, were growing cold. Life might linger for a few hours or go out at any moment. She might lie thus till the grey dawn broke over the smoky city, or she might gently, dreamily lapse into the death sleep. But there was no hope!

And the mother must have read it all in my countenance, for she turned away, buried her face in her hands with a quick, convulsive, sobbing cry, and dropped down

on her knees. And the old man sat motionless in the distant corner among the shadows, whither he had retreated upon his entrance; and little Alice lay very quiet, as her mother had bidden her, looking up into my face with a loving, tender smile.

"I am so glad you came!" she murmured at length; "I knew you would come, some time, ever since you gave me those pretty flowers. See! I have kept them," and a soft light glorified her face, and a radiant smile played about the little mouth, as she reached forth her transparent hand, pointing with one trembling finger to the little stand at the head of her cot.

"Give them to me, please," she whispered.

I turned to the stand, and saw there, in a cup of cold water, a little bunch of faded wild flowers, and taking thence, I placed them in her outstretched fingers.

And then, gazing upon those few wild flowers, looking down into her blue eyes, and mechanically threading my fingers through the curls which swept the pillow like threads spun from pure gold; then it all flashed over me in an instant, and I remembered "little Alice." I remembered how I had often seen her in the stifled factory room, flitting to and fro among the great wheels of the spinners; to and fro among the clatter and Babel-noise of the turning machinery, like a child-angel as she was. I had paused more than once to stroke those golden curls; and now it came fresh to my memory again, how one day, scarce two weeks ago, in walking past the spinning-frame where she stood at work, holding a bunch of wild flowers, a few large English violets, sprigs of sweet thyme, and blades of blue-eyed grass, which I had plucked that morning during a ride in the country, I marked the eager, childish delight sparkling in her eyes as she saw the flowers, and gave them to her with a kind word, and then passed onward. And I had straightway forgotten the incident, until those withered, faded blossoms, treasured up to gaze upon in her death hour, recalled it. That little cluster of wayside flowers had made her so happy! I was much affected.

"I am sorry to find you so sick. I remember you now, little Alice," I said, at length.

She looked up and smiled faintly, still caressing my hand.

"And you have kept my flowers ever since?" I asked. "And you have been sick ever since, too?"

"Almost," she whispered. "My head kept aching so, and the great wheels went round and made me dizzy, and one night when I came home, my cheeks were so red and hot that mamma cried and put me to bed; and then when morning came, and the great bell rung, and I wanted to get up and go to the factory, she wouldn't let me, but said I must lay very still. And then I did lay still, so very still that a little mouse got up on the stand right beside the pretty flowers you gave me, and I wasn't frightened a bit, but laid and looked at him; but somehow my head wouldn't stop aching, and I then woke up grandpa, and wanted him to go for you to come and get me well, for I knew you was the doctor."

"Don't you think you can get me well?" she asked, after a little pause, gazing up into my face. "Can't I be got strong enough to go away from this noisy place into the pleasant country, where it is so cool and still, and the flowers grow? Maybe you'll take me there in your nice carriage some day, when it don't rain so hard—won't you? I don't mind asking you, for you were so good, and gave me the dear, pretty flowers!"—and again those trusting, childish eyes were upturned to mine.

I could not answer for the rushing tears. I tell you, the physician, whether he goes among the high or low, sees many pitiful, sad, heart-breaking scenes in his life. I had seen many such, but never, NEVER any like this! The mother sobbed aloud, and the grandfather, poor, stricken old man, moaned audibly.

I stood there silent, and little Alice must have read my thoughts, for she said in a few moments, almost cheerfully.

"Well, you don't speak, and I see how it is. I can't ever get well—and you're sorry to tell me so. But it won't make me feel bad—only mamma and grandpa, they'll miss me so! If God makes me die and go to heaven. Mamma says all the little children go there—don't they?"

"Yes, yes," I murmured, "little children

all go there; 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,' it is written."

"That's just what she read out of grandpa's big Bible the other night, when my head ached and I cried so, and it made me feel good, and stopped the naughty pain."

"Does your head ache now?" I asked, to direct the conversation into another channel, for it was getting intensely painful to the poor, overwrought mother.

"Oh, no, it's all gone now," she replied, brightening. "And I don't think it'll come back any more, either—if I die and go to heaven, it won't, for mamma said how nobody was ever sick there."

Then relapsing into quiet, for a little time silence rested on that room, broken only by the beating of the wind and rain against the window pane. Little Alice lay looking at the flowers she held—then all at once asked, eagerly, "Will there be flowers in heaven, mamma?"

"Yes, dear," sobbed the mother.

"Oh, that will be beautiful!" she cried, joyfully. "And it will be good to die and go there. I dreamed all about it last night, though I didn't tell anybody till now, how there were pretty flowers and little singing birds; such beautiful birds, too, as never come to this great, smoky town. And I saw lots of children, and little Katy Deane was there; and they all came and got me, and led me up to papa, for he was there too, dear mamma; and then he kissed me, and told me to go and play; and then the little children took hold of my hands, and we all ran down into the green meadows together. Oh, it was so cool there, and soft and still! The great bells didn't ring once to scare away the birds. I don't believe they have factories up there, in heaven. God won't let them have them, to shut up little children in, will He, mamma?"

The mother could not speak; but the old man came forth from the corner where he had sat, moaning and rocking his body to and fro, and groped towards the bed.

"No, darling, no! Thank God for that! No work there; no rich to grind down the poor—but cool, green meadows and gardens for the children to play in—and when they're tired, Jesus takes them up in his arms like little lambs, and carries them!" And he fondly stroked

out her curls, and let his trembling old hand go wandering all over her sunken features,

"Then it will be good to die, grandpapa," she said, smiling sweetly. "The bells won't wake me up in the morning when I am tired—so tired! It will be good to die and go to heaven, even if I have to go all the way alone; but papa'll be there, and by-and-by mamma and you, and the good doctor here, will all come too—won't you, grandpapa?"

"I hope so, darling! Everybody knows God takes little children and makes angels of 'em; but I'm old and wicked, and perhaps after all I shan't get there!" and the old man sank down upon his knees, and sobbed aloud.

"No, hush, grandpapa! It makes me feel bad to hear you talk so! God loves everybody, if they only love Him! Don't you know, mamma read that, too, in your big Bible, the other night?" whispered little Alice.

By-and-by the sobs died away, and the old man rose and stood silent at the bedside; and the little one lay still upon the pillows. But a great change had passed over her waxen face; and I think he must have seen it, too, for again, he broke forth into moaning sobs, and sank upon his feeble knees beside the mother, who was silently praying, and quelling her sobs, that she might not impede her darling child's flight to heaven.

The dying child lay very still for a few minutes, her eyelids fluttering open, then wearily closing; while I bent over her, holding my watch in one hand, and with the fingers of the other on her wrist counting the faint strokes of her feeble pulse; and all the time the death-angel, Azrael, was hovering over that low pallet, unfurling his wings, and brightening and glorifying every feature of her transparent face with his touch.

The flowers were still grasped tightly in her little right hand, beneath the nails of whose slender fingers the blood was settling in lived streaks, darker and bluer than the hue of the violets.

Presently she unclosed her eyes, and holding up the blossoms, murmured brokenly; and knowing that, even then, life was fluttering on her white lips, I stooped low to catch the words. Looking intently upon the flowers, she whispered, gasp-

ingly and slow, "Violets! violets!" Then, while a sudden light broke over her face, and in the glimpse of heaven which the angels surely brought her then, she murmured,

"There! don't you see them—the pretty flowers? All the little children are picking them—and Katy, too, she wants me—let me go! don't hold me! They want me in heaven!"

One sudden spring from the pillow—one little struggle—one feeble flutter from the tiny heart—one opening and shutting of the tiny fingers, letting the violets fall all over the pallet, and it was over!

They had wanted little Alice in heaven, and she had gone!

She was no more in that miserable attic chamber—only a clay, cold, waxen body, exquisite in its white, statuesque, perfect childish beauty as the sculptured marble—only the body, for the spirit was in the Father's bosom.

The mother sprang up.

"Thank God, it is over! No more work—no more hunger—no more suffering, for she is with Jesus!" Then the great tide-waves of maternal love, stronger than life or death, swelled from her heart to her eyes; and with a bitter wail and a gush of tears, she sunk down upon the bed beside her dead child.

"Aye, daughter, I suppose it is well to thank God that she has passed beyond suffering and want. I thanked Him for that when James died; but it does seem bitter hard that the little ones must go first, and an old withered, useless being like me left to cumber the ground! Yes, it is hard! Little Alice has died before her time!" And with a groan of anguish, the old man shrunk away into his dark corner again.

And when the next day—a fair May day—as ever smiled upon the earth—I looked down into the little grave they had dug for her in the kirk-yard sod—when I looked abroad over the great smoky city, where the tall chimneys loomed up and pierced the sky, I could but say, "And in yonder factories, amid the stifling air and the ceaseless din of turning iron wheels, are still toiling, toiling, scores of pale, wan hunger-stricken little children, too many of whom will, alas! like little Alice, die before their time!"

COMETS.

Now, as the *comet mania* is past, we may be allowed to offer a few passing remarks on comets and comet alarms; feeling quite safe from any attack of a heavenly body, and rather saddened at the recent state of feverish excitement we are disposed to "*improve the occasion.*"

Comets have long perplexed astronomers, and we know not how much longer they may puzzle the scientific world to know what they really are, but more to know what purposes they subserve in the grand system of which they form a part. There is one thing pretty certain, they do subserve some known purpose in this lower world. Theologians know that the anticipations of their approach to the earth help the appeal made to the fears of death and future punishment to make men Christians, and thus they enlist in their service the fear of a tremendous crash some day, and then they triumphantly ask, "Where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?"

To many of our fellow men who live in the higher heavens of intellect, moral life, and religious confidence in a God who will see to it that this earth shall not be nipped in the bud of glorious promise, we say to such persons they will not credit our statements of the terrible alarm excited among the people. And the pulpit, we are sorry to state, of many churches, was not used to allay the alarm, but to increase it. Capital in some places is made out of every accident, rumour, prediction, or awful event. Like the Stock Exchange, the interests of some religious causes rise or fall with good or bad news, but in the inverse manner and ratio from consols of the aforementioned place.

In former times of universal ignorance, and slavery to superstition, which are co-equal with each other, any particular sign in the heavens was a cause for universal panic. Let it be known throughout the length and breadth of our land, that it may now stir us all up to greater exertion for the elevation of the people, that for weeks previous to the day fixed upon for the destruction of the earth, there was quite a ferment of trouble among us, and many families rested not in their beds at nights, but walked their rooms awaiting their death summons from the approaching comet. It

is a fact that there are thousands amongst us who believe that their fate or fortune can be read from the configurations of the planets or stars, the sediment of a tea cup, the lines of the hand, or a pack of cards; so we may cease our wonder that their fears of sudden death can be founded on the probability of our earth's destruction by a comet. The people's peace is oft destroyed through lack of knowledge. We have never heard of an astronomer who feared a comet. Eighty-six million chances to one that a comet should ever strike the earth declares one astronomer. A million chances to one if it did it should do us any harm affirmed another. We know nothing of any comet likely to appear this year, writes a celebrated astronomer, not one of us know anything about the matter. I could as soon doubt of the wisdom of an overruling providence as believe that this earth would be destroyed by a comet, says the most learned of American astronomers. Millions of ages this glorious system of sun, moon, planets, and comets must have existed, and there is not the least particle of evidence that *any* planet has ever been in the least obstructed in its course from any of all the comets that are roving in space. The report of a whale in the north sea would frighten no man from crossing any ferry in the Thames river, nor interfere with aquatic sports on any of our rivers; no more reason have any of us to fear harm from one of these luminous bodies even when it *can be seen* in the offing of heaven. It is, therefore, high time, brother, sister, friend, that we should arouse ourselves in right good earnest to wipe out these slavish superstitions and heathenish fears that ever and anon distress the world. Year after year an alarm of some great impending calamity gains ground from the ignorance that exists around us, and the real evils of life, so common, are lost sight of by the great imaginary dangers to which we are ever fancying we are exposed. Upwards of two thousand years ago, a similar species of folly prevailed among the Jews, when they ought to have been dreading the natural results of their own bad lives; and then Jeremiah had to lift his voice and say,—

"Be not dismayed at the signs of Heaven;
The heathen are dismayed at them;
Learn not the way of the heathen."

USEFUL HINTS TO PREACHERS. FROM THE BEST AUTHORS AND MINISTERS.

Remember you are an ambassador of Christ beseeching men to be reconciled unto God.

Feed the flock of which you are a shepherd, not for the sake of a subsistence, but of a ready mind, to advance the moral and religious condition of the world.

Not by preaching alone are men saved from sin, but by example; therefore in all gentleness and goodness be an example to the congregation; and when the Great Master shall come you shall receive a crown of glory.

Attempt not to be a lord over God's heritage—Christ washed his disciples feet to teach them and all Christian ministers true humility.

Should a spirit of negligence come over you read the 34th of Ezekiel and its reference passages which is a complete antidote to ministerial carelessness. "The blood of the wicked, saith the Lord, I will require at thy hand."

Remember the grand scope of the Christian ministry is to bring men home to Christ, and that spirituality of mind is the main qualification for the work.

A minister who is a "man pleaser," is a soul-destroyer.

Let every minister, while he is preaching, remember that God is one of his hearers.

Let Jesus Christ be all in all; study Christ, preach Christ, live Christ.

Preach no sermon without lifting up your heart to God before and after its delivery, that it may be blessed to the people.

Melancthon says of Luther, "I have often found him in tears, praying for the church."

Frequently visit your Sabbath schools, if it is only to walk through them.

Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseer.—(Acts xx. 28.)

In the composition of a religious address resolve to be brief, as this is an age of telegraphs and stenography.

Be pointed; never preach all round your text without hitting it.

State your propositions plainly, but do not stop long to particularize.

Avoid long introductions; and plunge into your sermon like a swimmer into cold water.

Condense; make sure that you have an

idea, and then speak it right out, in the plainest, shortest possible terms.

Avoid all high-flown language; quote no Hebrew nor Greek; aim to be simply a preacher.

Expect the Father's blessing; you are his servant, and can do nothing without it.

A clever poet has well expressed what a sermon should be in the following verses:—

It should be brief; if lengthy, it will steep
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep;
The dull will yawn, the chapel-lounger doze,
Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm, a living altar-coal,
To melt the icy heart and charm the soul;
A sapless, dull harangue, however read,
Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical, and clear;
No fine-spun theory to please the ear;
No curious lay to tickle lettered pride,
And leave the poor and plain unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate,
As His warm theme who wept lost Salem's fate;
The fiery laws, with words of love allayed,
Will sweetly warm and awfully persuade.

It should be manly, just, and rational,
Wisely conceived, and well expressed
withal;

Not stuffed with silly notions, apt to stain
A sacred desk, and show a muddy brain.

It should possess a well adapted-grace,
To situation, audience, time, and place;
A sermon formed for scholars, statesmen,
lords,
With peasants and mechanics ill accords.

It should with evangelic beauties bloom,
Like Paul's at Corinth, Athens, or at Rome;
While some Epictetus or Sterne esteem,
A gracious Saviour is the Gospel theme.

It should be mixed with many an ardent
prayer,
To reach the heart, and fix and fasten there;
When God and man are mutually ad-
dressed,
God grants a blessing, man is truly blessed.

It should be closely, well applied at last,
To make the moral nail securely fast;
Thou art the man, and thou, alone, will make
A Felix tremble, and a David quake!

FREE CHURCHES

AND CHURCH NAMES.

ANOTHER great Free Church Association has been formed out of the two Methodist churches known as the Association Methodists: and the last great division from the "*Old Wesleyan Body*," as it is called, the Reform Church: these two have united, forming a church of nearly 100,000 members under a new name, "THE UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCH:" so free churches promise to become very numerous, almost in every town we now have a free church of one kind or another, and as the unwary are often deceived by false pretences, false colours, and high-sounding names, we are disposed to offer a few remarks on free churches, and church names in general.

Though it be true our journal is called the "CHRISTIAN FREEMAN," and we are about making a few strictures on bodies of Christians calling themselves "Free Churches," we will offer no apology for the use of our title, for we feel and declare our perfect CHRISTIAN FREEDOM; to welcome to our social friendship, to welcome to our religious worship, to welcome to our holy communion service, to full christian membership, to the right hand and heart of christian fellowship every man, woman, and child, who desires to be so received in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. We hold opinions, yes, opinions of vital importance, in a very different light from many of our brethren of the thousand different churches of Christendom. But we do not fear the fellowship of any man who loves the name of Christ, whoever he may be, Greek Christian, Roman Catholic, German Transcendentalist, Anglican Orthodox or American Anti-Supernaturalist; we open our arms to receive all who are weak or strong in the faith, and not for the sake of doubtful disputation. We see no right we have to turn any man adrift from *our church*, to found another or be without christian fellowship who desires fellowship with us: Christ we are persuaded would have done no such thing as cast them off. The disciples who knew not the meaning of resurrection, unbelieving Thomas, Judas who was about to betray Christ, Peter about to deny him, and the disciples who were about

to flee and leave so noble a master in the moments of his agony, were welcome guests at the Lord's table; and who are we? that we should cast any man out of our churches, who names as Master the name of Christ.

We have faith in this course that it has the approval of our Lord and Head. That is enough for us to believe regarding it. This want of conformity of opinion may cause confusion at times, we grant; but we have faith in the soundness of the logic of our views, and the reality of our love binding all together in oneness of spirit in the bond of peace. It is narrow mindedness and not large heartedness that has caused the confusion, disorder, and division which have taken place in christian churches. We think after this we are not deceivers in calling ourselves "Christian Freemen."

Let us now observe the extent of the liberty of these numerous free christian churches which are springing up. We are writing just within a mile of a large church called a "Free Church" having no connection with any other association. It is a most notorious fact there is nothing about it free but the seats; preacher and people are bound down by the most irrational and narrow views of God, and man, and human redemption, that can possibly obtain: Calvinistic Millenarianism and their concomitant doctrines are triumphant, so you may infer the rest. Yet forsooth this is the great free church of *our town*. We need but mention the name of another, the "Free Church of Scotland," which on the best authority may be considered as a synonym of the mockery of freedom. And the same may be said of many of the free churches of our land. Truly this will be the position of the last formed "Methodist Free Church." Freedom will be understood in a very limited sense, so that the Roman Catholic, or the English State Church, might as justly be called a free church. This conclusion is therefore forced upon us, that the *mere name* is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. We rejoice, we admit, that christians are emulating a higher position in their religious associations; and from being bound hand and foot, body and soul, creed and polity, to the thinking and rule of one man, they are asserting their right to freedom, from bound-thinking to free-thinking, from the enslaved condition of churches as

they were to what they ought, and what in the future they will really be. We must remind them that their freedom now is merely in their name, and that our free position they have not yet really attained.

Among the different sects of Christendom there is reason to complain that too much of church nominal perfection, of high-sounding sect-titles prevail. There are the *Independents*. We might ask, are they really Independents in religious matters, perfectly free from the control of man? We know they are not.—There are the “Bible Christians.” Are all the articles of their faith of the bible? We know they are not. Neither the spirit nor words of their peculiar faith are scriptural. And other sects claim to be equally as they Bible Christians.—There is the *Evangelical Church*. We know they do not stick to simple gospel truth which is the only pure evangelism. And what church does not believe itself to be evangelical? The Quakers, with all their plainness, are not free from this pride of name, which is as really indistinctive as any other. They call themselves “Friends” Are they really more friendly than others? We deny that they are. We believe that every sect in the world contains men and women as benevolent as the sect called Friends. Seeing then that all lay some claim to Free Churchism, Independency, Bible Christianity, Evangelism, and the name Friend, these names become in this divided condition of the church mere sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Under every banner there are good men, and true, who might lay claim to the excellency found in every sect's name. But there is no sect that can really lay claim of itself to the whole truth and goodness expressed in any one of these names. The name, *Christian*; and it alone ought to be the universal Church name; and *will be* when the Church again becomes one. In the present state of religious society in bearing a supplementary name, let us lay claim to no other than that which clearly defines our position among the churches. And if that name be not honourable among men, let us nobly, like Channing, not shrink from it, or discard it, but render it honourable, as it expresses our christian faith, by living a useful, pure, christian life.

THE DEVOTIONAL SPIRIT.

GOOD BOOKS.

WE are persuaded there ought to be in every individual and family life, a time for holy calm,—meditation and prayer. Our Great Master, we know, felt the need and showed the example. The mercies which crown our lives, the temptations which beset our path, the joys and sorrows of our hearts, and the aspirations of our souls for higher and holier spiritual life should lead us into closer communion with our God. We have all felt in those seasons in which we have sought to pour out our spirits to God, at times, a coldness of feeling and barrenness of thought we deplored. We know that we have been helped by the words and thoughts of others. How often have we been blessed in the use of the Lord's Prayer, prepared for us by our Saviour. We have before us two devotional books we most sincerely commend to our readers, who may not have them. And in making a gift book that the present may not only please, but contain the spirit of moral and religious strength and comfort for all seasons and trials, these are good books. One is called the *Altar at Home*, arranged with suitable lessons and litanies, which may be had of Dr. Beard, Manchester. The other is *Morning and Evening Meditations and Prayers and Hymns*, by Mary Carpenter of Bristol, author of “Reformatory Schools,” &c.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT IN LONDON.

WE have received a letter from the London District Unitarian Society, and we presume one has been addressed to every Unitarian Society in Great Britain and Ireland, urging the desirability of furnishing persons who have been connected with our societies in the country a letter of introduction to the secretaries or committee of the Unitarian District Society. The names and residences of upwards of twenty gentlemen in different parts of London being sent for the purpose of introducing and engaging those who may go to reside in London to christian communion and works of usefulness. None we hope will leave our country congregations without taking a letter of introduction and availing himself of this opportunity of strengthening our cause in the metropolis of the world.

A VISION.

It was a night of deep and sullen gloom—The sun had gone down in clouds, which were rolled together in sublime and awful grandeur, through which the red lightning gleamed almost every instant. The gathering winds swept by in fitful gusts which bowed the loftiest trees—the howling of the tempest mingled with the dismal moanings of the night bird—all conspired to bring many a frightful nursery tale, back to the recollection. I urged my horse to greater speed and was soon in a place of shelter. * *

The storm had passed by, and the queen of night shone out from behind the watery clouds and shed upon the dripping herbage her silvery light. Seating myself in the portico, methought I heard the wailing of bitter anguish—I listened—a piercing shriek came borne on the night breeze, apparently from a house at no great distance—I needed not the second appeal but rushed forward, and without ceremony burst open the door—when such a sight—oh my God! the warm blood curdles in my veins at the bare recollection. There upon a bed in the farther corner of the room, lay a tender and delicate female who was rending the air with shrieks, groans and lamentations—on each side were two others who were exerting all their powers to soothe her wounded spirit.

At my entrance she sprang on her feet, her hands clenched in bitter agony—her eye rolling in the lurid wildness of despair, and with a voice of chilling horror she shouted “Glory to God! there—there—is my father—see the foul fiends heap high the fagot and the flame, now he groans—yes—yes—I rejoice—I am happy—yes this heaven—that is hell—see the sulphur and the flame winding round my once loved Henry—this is all for me—how blest is the sight—these are the joys of that world whose temple is God—there, shout—glory—O my God this is bliss!” raising her clenched hands to heaven she burst into the hollow laugh of the maniac, and fell senseless upon the floor.

In speechless horror I assisted her worse than childless mother to raise her, while the attendant ran to call the physician: he soon came and restored to life this pale and melancholy victim of insanity; she soon sunk into a kind of stupor, when I

drew the good man aside and from him learned the following:

Ellen R. was the only child of her happy parents, who were classed among the most respectable inhabitants of the village. Perhaps no one ever saw a brighter dawn than Ellen R. Surrounded by all the dear delights of this lower world, all above was sunshine, all beneath was flowers. She grew up her father's pride, her mother's joy; and so passing beautiful withal, that her loveliness was seen at the first glance, and felt at the next heart throb—seen, felt, never to be forgotten! Seventeen summers had thus glided smoothly on when the bright hopes of happiness that gilded her youthful horizon, faded in an instant—and the flowers that were strewed along life's path, were crushed, blighted withered! Her betrothed was laid low by the frosty hand of the destroyer and the damp clouds of the valley covered him. He was a believer in the impartial goodness of the Most High, and died rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality. * *

On the day of burial the *being* who officiated as a clergyman, thinking it a fit opportunity to pour—not the oil and wine of consolation—but fire and brimstone into the wounds of affliction and distress—choose the words “thou fool this night thy soul shall be required of thee,” as the foundation of his discourse. He took occasion to denounce the most grievous and horrid judgements upon all who believed the doctrine of God's impartial grace—“that the young man was no doubt in hell with the damned, and they would rejoice if they ever went to glory to see him weltering in flames of horror and despair.” His breath seemed a Sirocco, poisoning the very atmosphere with death and desolation! Its baleful influence more dangerous than the Bohun Upas withered the fair buds of hope, made of comforts and consolations all a desolation, and filled the bosom of the lone widow now a childless mother with pangs of grief and unutterable woe—* *

But her the fairest and loveliest of the workmanship of the Almighty—speak she did not—nor weep—that was all past. The barbed shaft had pierced her bosom of tenderness and sensibility—still she murmured not—she followed the sable hearse

as it slowly bore the manly form of the one she loved, to his cold couch of dreamless slumber. When the heavy clouds tumbled upon his coffin—then it was that her eye rolled wildly—then it was that her countenance which so lately beamed with all the summer glow of peace and joy—became pale as marble. Her eye soon ceased its rolling, became glassy, motionless and unmeaning, and she sunk into the arms of her now comfortless parents, and was thus borne from the place— * *

"O," said the good man, "When I view the wreck of all that was once so lovely—when I see her struggling with unutterable pangs—with thorns of indescribable anguish ranking at her heart, I could call fire from heaven upon the head of him—the heartless monster—the fiend in human shape—who has thus strewed blight and mildew upon the fairest flower that ever bloomed in the bowers of joy—I could"——

Here I was startled from my slumber, and awoke saddened with the reflection, that my vision was "AN AWFUL REALITY," that there are men called ministers of "*glad tidings of great joy to all people*," who would so preach.

T. F.

MORAL WEALTH.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

It's a strange truism that the noblest work of the Great Creator should command such meagre praise from the creature; but we, all of us, get up a greater feeling of deference and respect for that wealth which is constantly reproducing itself in stocks and bonds, than for the wealth of strong moral principle and integrity. The latter seems but an abstraction, while the former is an *impressive* reality—a something tangible to our lowest senses. We have no need of being faithful and honest ourselves to estimate its full amount and value, and it never touches our conscience, or wakens the dormant memory of what we intended to have been. On the contrary, it is a sedative, lulling to sleep all the finer feelings of the soul, and making all things justifiable in trade; there, what is often merely shrewd dealing would not bear the touch of a moral dissecting knife

without betraying the corruptness of its policy.

What can we term "Moral Wealth?" It is various in its attributes, which, like the branches of a great tree, all start from one common stalk, each being but parts of one common whole, and we often give one branch the credit due to the whole.

There is Moral Courage, which faces death calmly, not with stoical indifference, but with a heart nerved for the worst; and there is a higher kind of moral courage that resolutely braves evils worse than death—a moral courage that dares do right in the face of loss of friends, and wealth, and position; which meets calumny and defamation alike with firmness, though keenly sensitive to their assaults. This is most beautiful, perhaps, from its rareness, this unbending, unflinching kind of courage which, while the heart is torn with conflicting emotions, the soul stands firmer in its purpose from contrast, with the desolation it hovers over.

Then we have Moral Strength, that resists evils in every specious guise that they may come; which stands back with clean hands from the tempter that sits at the door of every form of public amusement; which turns, strong in its power to do right, from "the hazard of the die." Or more nobly still, puts afar from it the temptations of speculative lotteries, that like the eddying maelstrom, draws within its rapidly narrowing circles the charmed victim, who sees his danger only when too late to escape.

Oh how much of this moral strength is needed in our great cities, where vice walks abroad openly and fearlessly, rejoicing in the broad sunlight of mid-day now as she once walked the streets of Tyre and of Corinth. Goodness, purity, charity, integrity and uprightness, all are but consonant parts of the great whole, and each needed to make, in the fullest sense of the word, an "*honest man*." That simple word *honesty* has been greatly distorted to suit the character who wants to wear it for policy's sake. If, in the old adage of "honesty is the best policy," if for the word policy were substituted principle, we fear many a man who is now called honest, when the moral census came to be taken, would be marked *doubtful*.

THE LAW AND THE TESTIMONY.

1. What is the essential faith, which was once delivered to the saints? What is it necessary to believe, in order to be saved?

"The word is nigh thee, even in thy heart, and in thy mouth; that is, the word of faith which we preach: that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."—The Apostle Paul: Rom. x. 9.

2. What is the confession required?

"The Jews had agreed already, that if any man did confess that Jesus was the Christ, he should be put out of the synagogue."—John ix. 22.

"Paul, as his manner was, went in unto them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the scriptures; opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ. And some of them believed and consorted with Paul and Silas."—Acts xvii. 2, 3, 4.

"Every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God."—1 John iv. 2.

"Whosoever shall confess that Jesus Christ is the son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God."—1 John iv. 15.

"And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—Phil. ii. 11.

"Simon Peter answered and said, thou art the Christ, the son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my father which is in heaven."—Matt. xvi. 16, 17.

"The Eunuch said, See, here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Phillip said, if thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went down into the water, both Philip and the Eunuch, and he baptized him."

3. What further is requisite beside faith and a public confession.

"God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent."—Paul at Athens: Acts xvii. 30.

"Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out."—Peter in Solomon's Porch, Acts iii. 19.

"Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—Christ's conversation with Nicodemus: John iii. 9.

4. What is the nature of the repentance which is thus required? Is it mere sorrow, such as wastes itself in unavailing regret? Or is it such as results in thorough reformation?

"Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death."—2 Cor. vii. 10.

"Bring forth, therefore, fruits worthy of repentance."—John the Baptist, Luke iii. 8.

"Cease to do evil, learn to do well. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isaiah i. 16, 17, 18.

"When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed and doeth that

which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. Because he considereth and turneth away from all his transgressions that he hath committed, he shall surely live; he shall not die."—Ezekiel xviii. 27, 28.

5. From what are men to be converted?

"Brethren, if any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he who converteth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."—James v. 19, 20.

6. By what instrumentality are men for the most part to be converted?

"The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple; the Statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart."—Psalm xiv. 7, 8.

7. Is there anything for men to do in accomplishing their salvation?

"Make you a new heart and a new spirit, for why will ye die, O house of Israel? Turn yourselves and live ye."—Ezekiel xviii. 31, 32.

"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—Phil. ii. 12.

8. Is it possible for men to do all?

"The spirit helpeth our infirmities."—Rom. viii. 26.

"I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase."—1 Cor. iii. 6.

"We are labourers together with God."—1 Cor. iii. 9.

"It is God who worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."—Phil. ii. 13.

9. What is the evidence which will enable us to determine who have been born of the spirit?

"Ye shall know them by their fruits."—Jesus Christ: Mat. vii. 16.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace; long-suffering, gentleness, goodness; faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law."—Paul: Gal. v. 22, 23.

"Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God."—1 John v. 1.

"Every one that loveth is born of God."

"Ye know that every one that doth righteousness is born of Him."—1 John ii. 29.

10. What is the best evidence we can have of our love to God?

"This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments."—1 John v. 3.

11. How are we to answer the question, Who loves Christ?

"He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him."—Jesus Christ: John xiv. 21.

12. What is the highest and most important knowledge?

"This is life eternal that they may know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."—John xvii. 3.

13. Who best knows God?

"Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."—1 John iv. 7.

"Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God."—Mat. v. 8.

14. How may we be certain that we have a true knowledge of Jesus Christ ?

"Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments. He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him. But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected : hereby know we that we are in him."—1 John ii. 3, 4, 5.

15. Who are the friends of Christ ?

"Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you."—John xv. 14.

16. Who are the true disciples of Christ ?

"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed."—John viii. 31.

17. How must we become the disciples of Christ ?

"Herein is my father glorified, that ye bear much fruit ; so shall ye be my disciples."—John xv. 8.

18. What is the most favourable period for commencing the religious life ?

"Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

"To day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. iii. 15.

19. Does a person who is converted to Christ become a perfect Christian at once ?

"Not as though I had already attained, either were altogether perfect, but I follow after."—The Apostle Paul : Phil. iii. 12.

"Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."—2 Peter iii. 18.

20. What is true religion ? And is it of such a nature that it can be wholly obtained at once ?

"Pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father, is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—James i. 27.

"Neither shall men say, Lo here ! or Lo there ! for behold the kingdom of God is within you."—

"So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed unto the ground, and should sleep and rise, night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself, first the blade, then the ear, after that, the full corn in the ear."—Mark iv. 26, 27, 28.

21. Ought the faults of other Christians to hinder any one in the discharge of his own duties ?

"To his own master" every one, "standeth or falleth."—Rom. xiv. 4.

"If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself ; but if thou scornest, thou alone shalt bear it."—Prov. ix. 12.

"So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."—Rom. xiv. 12.

22. Who will find acceptance with God ?

"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness shall be accepted with him."—Acts x. 34.

23. Is the righteousness which God requires imputed, or personal ?

"Little children, let no man deceive you : he

that doeth righteousness, is righteous, even as he is righteous."—1 John iii. 7.

24. Who builds upon a sure foundation ?

"He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, I will liken unto a wise man, who built his house upon a rock."—Matthew vii. 24.

25. Who will appear at Christ's right hand when he shall be seated upon the throne of his glory, and all nations shall be assembled before him ?

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom which was prepared for you from the foundation of the world. For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger and ye took me in ; naked, and ye clothed me ; I was sick, and ye visited me ; I was in prison and ye came unto me. Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Mat. xx. 34, 35, 36, 40.

26. What are the most important graces, the most essential requisites, of the Christian character ?

"Faith, hope, charity : these three ; but the greatest of these, is charity."—1 Cor. xiii. 13.

27. What is the whole sum of human duties and obligations ?

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter : fear God and keep his commandments ; for this is the whole duty of man."—Ecc. xii. 13.

28. If, after our most faithful efforts, we still, through weakness and imperfection, fail of reaching the standard at which we aim, and fall short of the glory of God, can we hope that he will look upon us with compassion, pardon our sins, overlook our failures, and receive us to himself ?

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust."—

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—1 John ii. 1.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. vii. 25.

"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted as we are, and yet without sin."—Hebrews.—*Christian Inquirer*.

STANZAS.

FAREWELL, life ! my senses swim,
And the light is growing dim :
Thronging shadows cloud the light,
Like the advent of the night,—
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapour chill ;
Strong the earthly odour grows—
I smell the mold above the rose !

Welcome, Life ! the Spirit strives !
Strength returns and hope revives ;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom ;
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mold.—

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

The Author of that beautiful song Home! Home! Sweet Home! we have read, "died in a foreign land, homeless, friendless, and forlorn."

How SHE LOVED.—A letter from India reports the death of a mother at the Massacre at Delhi thus, "you may kill me, but, Oh! give my child a little water to drink, she is so thirsty, you may kill me, but, Oh! do not hurt my baby."

The Marchioness of Londonderry has paid £2,000 to the Bible Society for Bibles to present to those employed under her. She has been for some time engaged in writing with her own hand the names of each recipient in every Bible she thus intends to present.

SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.—The daughter of the late celebrated Gov. Marcy, U. S. formed a party of friends previous to the receipt of the news of her father's sudden death. While all the ladies and gentlemen present were cheerful she seemed depressed and said her mind was unaccountably impressed that a signal calamity had overtaken some member of the family. Before she received the least intimation of the event she threw a handkerchief over her face and retired in deep grief from the party.

Dr. Watts, not only underwent a great change of view regarding the doctrine of the trinity before his death, but also regarding the doctrine of endless torment. The following extract will show:—

"Whosoever any such criminal in hell shall be found making such a sincere and mournful address to the righteous and merciful Judge of all; if too at the same time he is truly humble and penitent for his past sins, and is grieved at his heart for having offended his Maker, and melts into sincere repentance,—and what sinner will not?—*I cannot think a God of equal and rich mercy will continue such a creature under his vengeance, but rather that the perfections of God will contrive a way for his escape.*"
—*American Paper.*

"My Lord," said a person to the late Archbishop of Bordeaux one day, "here is a poor woman come to ask charity; what do you wish me to do for her?"

"How old is she?"

"Seventy."

"Is she in great distress?"

"She says so."

"She must be believed; give her twenty-five francs."

"Twenty-five francs! My Lord, it is too much, especially as she is a Jewess."

"A Jewess!"

"Yes, My Lord."

"Oh, that makes a great difference. Give her fifty francs, then, and thank her for coming."

We are informed, says the *Blackburne Times*, that a new race of religionists have lately risen up in this locality (Burnley), who pretend to have more acquaintance with the "mysteries of the kingdom" than any of their predecessors. They assert with much gravity that in the darkest shades of night they are permitted to hold converse with departed spirits, and for this purpose it is their custom to meet together, and after singing and prayer they say that they can distinctly hear a sweet response from Heaven. The latest intelligence they have received from the invisible world is to the effect that the Wandering Jew is in some part of Lancashire, and that he will shortly pass through Burnley, when he will make a call at a certain house and communicate such important information relative to a subject that is as yet "entirely unknown to mortal mind," as will "astonish the natives."

The following is an extract from the *Missionary Herald*. The Missionary at Doorgahore, India, writes, "To-day a man, after hearing some remarks which I made, turned away with contempt and exclaimed, 'Give me three rupees, and I will bring you three hundred Christians; give me ten and I will bring you a thousand.' Such is the venal character of the Hindoos, by money we could make conquests as rapid as Mahommed ever made."

All medical men unite in declaring that nothing is more beneficial to health than hearty laughter; and surely our benevolent Creator would not have provided, and made it a source of health and enjoyment to use it, and then have made it a sin to do so. The prevailing temper of the mind should be cheerful, yet serious; but there are times when it is relaxation and enjoyment to use it, and then have made it a sin to do so. The prevailing temper of the mind should be cheerful, yet serious; but there are times when relaxation and enjoyment are proper for all.

Having in my youth notions of severe piety, (says a celebrated Persian writer,) I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night when I was engaged in these exercises, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading.

"Behold," said I to him, "thy other children, in irreligious slumber, while I alone wake to praise God."

"Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

A NOBLE BOY.—A writer from Paris says:—"One morning about nine o'clock, a little boy, about twelve years of age, making home from market, was so jostled by the crowd that his basket of butter and eggs were thrown into the gutter and broken and destroyed. The little fellow began to wring his hands and cry bitterly. A few of us contributed our quota of silver and pence; he kindly thanked us, and produced his bill of articles lost, fourteen francs. He had got, through sympathy, twenty-two francs and thirty-five centimes. Instead of pocketing the balance he observed in the group that surrounded him a poor woman in rags, the gallant little fellow walked up to her and placed the remainder in her hands. The boy's noble conduct was greeted with the applause of the whole crowd."

The following are a few of the droll titles of religious books published in the 17th century:—

"A most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell at." "A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust cast upon John Fry." "The Snuffers of Divine Love." "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches." "High heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness." "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant." "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthy Vessel, known among men by the name of Samuel Fish." "The Spiritual Mustard-Pot, to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion." "Salvation's Vintage Ground, or a Louping Sand for Heavy Believers." "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Head-Quarters, through the Tube of the Canon of the Covenant." "A Reaping Hook well tempered, for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or, Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David; whereunto are also added, William Humins' Handful of Honeysuckles, and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties now newly argumented."

DIAMOND DUST.

We are, what we are in private.

No man is master of himself that is a slave to his passions.

He that will not look before him, will have to look behind him—with regret.

Some men are zealous for truth, provided it be truth brought to light by themselves.

Men, in thinking only of what they are running from, forget what they are running towards.

Virtue is the surest road to longevity; but vice meets with an early doom.

Man the prince, and man the pauper, are alike children of the Most High, and are equally cared for by him.

He is the greatest of men who most earnestly, and yet with simple trust, labours on earth to do the will of his Father in heaven.

A just person knows how to secure his reputation, without blemishing another's by discovering his faults.

It is one thing to pray that we may learn *what is right*, and another to pray that we may *find ourselves in the right*.

Never forget the kindness which others do for you; never upbraid others with the courtesies which you do for them.

To believe in Christianity, without knowing why we believe in it, is not Christian faith, but blind credulity.

In many a case of innovation it might be found that what is new is not wrong, and that what is wrong is not new.

Who were the orthodox and who were the true worshippers in Israel, when Elijah was left alone of the Lord's prophets, while Baal's prophets were four hundred and fifty men?

We often wrong ourselves, but we soon forgive ourselves these wrongs, and they do not at all lessen our love to ourselves; and in like manner we should forgive and love our neighbours.

However scriptural your creed, and into whatever symmetry of form its various points may be constructed, it will not save you. Save you! The creed which is *held*, but not *felt*, will in proportion to its correctness, aggravate your condemnation.

The old proverb "a fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer," may very fairly have this added as a rider to it: A wise man cannot ask more questions than he will find fools enough ready to answer.

Whoever sincerely endeavours to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines, or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

The growth of a believer is not like a mushroom, but like an oak, which increases slowly indeed, but surely. Many suns, showers, and frosts pass upon it before it comes to perfection; and though in winter it seems dead, it is gathering strength at the root.

God has given to each man the power to think, to believe, and to speak—this power is his call and his warrant. It gives him the right to think, to accept as true what he believes to be true, and to declare to his fellow-men according to his ability and his opportunities, what he has accepted for himself.

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing warmer than love; nothing more bright than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the richest, the brightest, the holiest, and the most steadfast happiness.

WISER THAN CHRIST.

To us it is always a matter of deep regret when we find among our fellow men, pretensions to such superior knowledge and goodness instead of that humility which is the index of spiritual excellency and real worth. So far, indeed, at times have we found and heard statements of some of our modern seers that the conclusion from their own lips—in self praise—was this, they are "Wiser than Christ."

"Christ," said they, "was a very good man, and it would be well for the world if the generality of its inhabitants even now had attained his position. He and Christianity had been very useful among the untaught nations and ages. He was a great reformer, and considering the age in which he lived, he was a wonderful, marvellous character indeed. But the world is progressive, and is in a different position from its state eighteen hundred years ago. He is not to be viewed as *our* guide, Jesus has been the light of men, but is not ever to be the light of the world; and is not the teacher of *us* in this generation."

We entirely dissent from this view of Christ and Christianity. We regard Jesus not only as the Author of the New Moral and Religious World, but the Finisher; not only the Foundation but the Top-stone of the great spiritual temple of human existence in harmony with the Divine Will. The voice which came from Heaven eighteen hundred years ago, saying, "Hear ye him," speaks to us yet "to hear and follow him." We believe in the progress of humanity, but not in the progress of God to any higher state of moral existence, and so we believe in the eternal fixedness of truth, and justice, and goodness, and that we have a revelation, pattern, and guide to the highest state of life and complete perfection of character in Jesus Christ. The teachings of Jesus Christ embody the great principles of perfect purity of thought, perfect holiness of life, perfect confidence in God, perfect hope of future life, perfect charity to man. The world has not become so intellectual as to explode one Christian principle: so large-hearted as to cast a shadow over his love; or moral above his goodness; or pious beyond his example; or in any sense wiser than he; ah no. He is the morning star of moral life and the noon day sun of the highest spiritual condition. We challenge any of the believers in these new philosophies, as they are pleased to call them, to show us one rational thought, or one valuable truth which is not to be found in the New Testament. We turn to its central truths, the paternity of God and the fraternity of man, with all the high and sacred obligations growing out of those exalted relations, and we confidently ask, what is wanting to make a perfect revelation of fact and design. The most invulnerable defence which can be thrown around any possible system, can be justly employed in behalf of Christ and his doctrines, and then, for the highest confirmation of their divineness, we turn to that true and heavenly life, moulded by their power, and pervaded by their spirit. In such perfect harmony do his life and teachings stand revealed before the world, that we care not which is placed first in the order of sequence, the firm conviction followed by obedient action; or, the inspired life growing into conviction and experience; for he taught as he lived, and he lived as he taught. Let man live as Christ lived, and he would be a perfect character, and then make his life the universal life of the race, and the world would be flooded with the glory of absolute redemption. For this reason we claim that the gospel of Jesus is a perfect revelation; and for this reason, too, we look upon him as not merely the author, but the finisher of our faith.

BROTHERS! WE ARE MEN!

BY JAMES HENDERSON, OF GLASGOW.

WE are men—made in the image
Of the mighty One
Who hath crowned the earth with beauty,
'Neath the golden sun;
Children of a common Father,
Whose prevailing love
Is unbounded as the day-beams
Shining from above.
Highest rank in God's creation
Is our station, then;
Form divine is on our features;
Rulers o'er all meaner creatures—
Brothers! we are men!

In our souls the lamp of reason
Streams with hallowed light;
Intellectual glories round us
Shed their radiance bright.
Thus exalted in our being,
'Tis the will of Heaven
That we still go on improving
Gifts which He hath given;
Filling up our brief existence—
Three score years and ten—
Loving virtue as a mother,
Doing good to one another—
Brothers! we are men!

We are men; but oh! how often
Are our gifts despised,
And the dignity of manhood
Blindly sacrificed!
Oft is mercy's fountain frozen
In the human breast;
Millions sink beneath the tyrant,
Tearful and oppressed.
Cries of sorrow loudly echo
Over hill and glen;
Hapless thousands wildly grieving,
No kind hand their wrongs relieving—
Brothers! we are men!

Love's the lesson Wisdom teaches;
Gentle are her words,
Sweeter than the brooklet's murmurs,
And the song of birds.
As we all are fellow-pilgrims
To a brighter sphere,
Why should strife attend the moments
Of our sojourn here?
For a higher purpose truly
We were fashioned, when
Deity in fairest traces
Crowned our souls with heavenly graces—
Brothers! we are men!

Why should idle passions cheat us
Of our purest joy?
Why should pride the best emotions
Of the breast destroy?
In the heart, affection's fountain,
Sweetly welling up,
Seeks to mingle priceless blessings
Ever in life's cup;
Let its waters flow and mingle
Far as human ken,
Till with love's serene devotion
Earth be covered as the ocean—
Brothers! we are men!

LET US ALL HELP ONE ANOTHER.

Let us all help one another,
And a heart of kindness show;
As down time's flowing river,
In the boat of life we row:
For though rough may be the weather,
And the sky be overcast;
If we only pull together,
We can brave the storm at last.

Let us all help one another,
In misfortune's wintry day;
And be kinder, still as ever
Earth's best gifts are snatched away,
When bright fortune gilds the morrow,
Hollow hearts will fawn and cling;
But when comes the night of sorrow,
Only true hearts comfort bring.

Let us all help one another,
And do good where'er we can,—
Who withholds the hand of kindness,
Scarce deserves the name of man;
For the great law of nature,
Which was meant mankind to bless,
Bids us help a fellow-creature,
When we find him in distress.

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

LOST PARCELS.

As several parcels of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN have been lost: the Postmaster requests that the Office from which they should have been delivered be applied to first; should they not be there, the Editor then to be written to immediately. We hope our friends who may not receive their parcels by the Seventh of the month will apply to their office, failing there, then write to us at once, and we will forward another and look after the lost one.

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